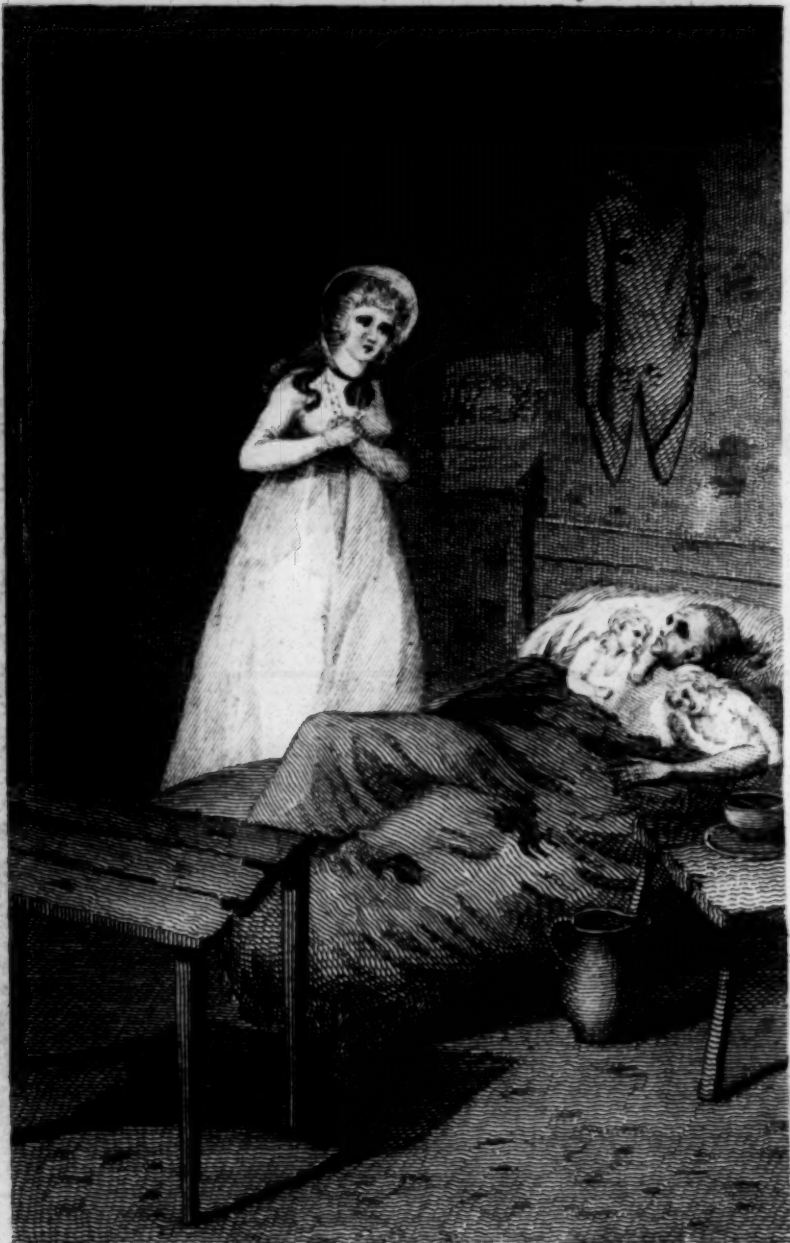


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J. Wyatt. del. et Sc.

Poor, poor man, what shall I do to serve you?

JULIA;
OR THE
ADVENTURES OF THE DAUGHTER
OF A
Village Curate;
DESCRIBING HER JOURNEY
FROM
ELMWOOD TO LONDON,
TO OBTAIN THE
LIVING FOR HER FATHER;
WITH THE
Perilous Events attending her Arrival;
AND THEIR
HAPPY CONCLUSION.

“When Virtue is rewarded, all that think should rejoice.”

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1798.





JULIA;
OR THE
ADVENTURES OF THE DAUGHTER
OF THE
Curate of Elmwood.

IF thou art a Curate, O Reader, and hast already *one* parish in thy possession, be contented, and seek not to have *two*. Be assured that contentment is better than to have *two livings*.

Many good people beside Shakespeare have been born upon the Avon; and one of them was the Curate of the Parish of Elmwood. Of a family of nine people, parents and children, only he and his Daughter Julia remained.

This old Parson could do many things besides eat his pudding, drink his October (both which he loved affectionately), and collect his tithes—those important qualifications which have been, from time immemorial, annexed to the office of a Country Curate. He carried the Sciences in his head, and the morality in his heart—I mean, so far as they are connected with manners or sentiment. Beside all this, he preached an excellent sermon, wore his own grey hairs, and had the gout: but, above all, he loved, most dearly loved, his Daughter Julia.

And well did she deserve his love.—Sweet Maid! If ever I forget thee, may my fancy lose her flights, and my pen its movements! If ever I forget the majestic elegance of thy form—or the liquid blue swimming in thy eye—or the half-rose half-lily colours

glowing in thy cheek, like the streaks of the West in a July evening—Oh! if I remember not the lovely confusion o'er all thy features, when I first beheld thee in the arms of thy ravisher—may I cease to dream of thee!—If I do not, Julia! mayst thou never think of me!

Such was the Daughter of the Curate of Elmwood—a fair form, and a pure heart!—It was nourished in the pure bosom of a father.

Though the mansion of these contented relatives rose in the centre of the Parish, it was neither stately nor proud: like its inhabitants, it was modest, and seemed to retire into an obscure and silent glade, formed between various clumps of shrubbery, and a ridge of rising ground. At a small distance rolled the silver Avon, ever musical, now mantling over a rocky channel, and now gliding through green plains and fields covered with wild flowers.

Through these fields, and along these skirted banks, full oft did the Curate and his Daughter pursue their walk. In that sweet hour of the evening, when the sun seems dropping behind the hills, and throws a feeble but pleasing beam o'er the landscape, then might you see them walking arm in arm, and slowly, on the Avon-side. “Julia (he would say to his Daughter), my dear Julia, you and my parish are the comfort of my life. Ye all are my children—but *you, Julia, you are my friend*. The thirsty loves not to drink, nor the weary to rest, more than I love to look upon *you*. What would become of me, Julia, wert thou gone? and when I am gone, my Daughter, what will become of thee?” “I hope, Father, we shall die both together.” “God grant it! God grant it!” answered the old man.

Thus peaceably glided on their lives, till an unlucky accident in the neighbouring Parish disturbed their tranquility. The Vicar of that Parish died. The moment our Curate was informed of this, it roused one of his worst passions: he had now but *one wish to be gratified in this world; and that was,*



to have the neighbouring vicarage in his possession. "My dear Father (said the unambitious Julia), have we not competence? and does not competence afford us felicity? and is not this sufficient?" Ay, all that was very true: but then the vicarage lay so snug, just at his own door; and he wanted to have it in his power to leave something to his Julia after his death; and, now that he was so very old, and so very gouty, what a comfortable thing it would be to have a Curate under him, to perform Service when he was confined at home! The thing was evidently a snug thing, and would be very convenient: besides, he knew the patron of the living; he had been his school-fellow—as good a Nobleman as ever was born—he was certain of success—it was impossible that he could not succeed—he had set his heart upon the thing—and Julia, his Child, could not oppose it.

Here he was right. Julia would sooner have expired at his feet. She yielded the point with a smile.

But much remained yet to be done. The Curate had talked like a man unacquainted with calculations, and his fancy (old as it was) got the start of his judgment. He did not consider that Lord C——, the patron of the living, resided at London, and that his own limbs were too gouty to carry him thither; for personal application is absolutely necessary in these cases. Besides, the Clergy, though they are continually advising their flocks to keep their eyes fixed upon the good things of Heaven-only, have a strange trick of keeping their own eyes constantly fixed upon the good things of this earth. Every moment, therefore, was important; to lose a minute, was to lose the Curacy; and while he was talking, some other reverend brother, who had no gout in his toes, no daughter to provide for, no want of an assistant Curate, might be posting to his Lordship in Berkeley-square.

The old man became now greatly agitated; and that bosom which ought to have been the mansion of resignation and peace, was disturbed by restless wishes and ill-timed despair. The sympathetic soul of Ju-

lia was roused; her heart throbbed with guiltless pangs, and she felt for the griefs of her father. She tried to soothe him, but tried in vain: she argued against his wishes, but she was arguing against the follies of old age, which are incurable.

The evening came, but came not as usual; this man of despair was unconscious of its charms. His soul was deaf to the voice of Nature, even when her notes are sweetest—at the close of the day. He listened not to the carols of the hinds, nor to the rustic music of the fields: the flocks clustered in the meadows unnoticed: and the sun poured his evening glories over the landscape unregarded. Even Julia did not charm him: he saw her kneel at his side without emotion, and he heard her sighs in silence.

Here a Father and a friend was lost to happiness—the only friend too she had in the world—and sorrows much less than these would have murdered the peace of Julia. She had already knelt by the side of her Father: she now clasped his hand closely in her own; and fixing her blue eyes pathetically on his countenance, begged that he would not refuse her one request. “What was that?” To permit *her* to go to London, in quest of the Curacy.

Electricity could not touch him quicker. The voice of Julia was pathetic, and it awakened him. His affections returned in an instant: he leaned over his Daughter, and gave her to understand that it was impossible to grant her request; that he would not part with her for a bishoprick; and that she must not think to part with him. She replied; he answered; and she re-answered; in short, the contest was long, stubborn, and eloquent; and though there was not much learning in it, it abounded with nature, a richer quality. Suffice it to say, that Julia conquered; and she obtained with great difficulty what she called the honourable office of being her Father’s messenger.

It has been observed already, that dispatch is one of the few roads to preferment. As no time was therefore to be lost, it was agreed that she should

set off the next morning. The Warwick stage passed through the neighbouring market-town, and she might walk thither to meet it. The old man retired to get ready his letters, and Julia to make her little preparations for her journey.

How they slept, themselves know best; but when the morning came, the Curate's opinions were entirely changed. He had thought better upon the subject, and he was resolved not to let her go. The roads were dangerous, and London was still more so; besides, she might turn sick; or the coach might be overturned; she might be killed; and he would never see her more. Julia knew that these fears were only the tender workings of timid Nature, and she opposed them. In short, the contest was renewed with its former warmth; and the affection of the Daughter triumphed once more over the tenderness of the Father. He consented again to let her go, on condition that *Joe* (his labourer, his gardiner, his footman, his hostler, his every-thing) should attend her with his friendly care—should be the companion of her journey.

Now this *Joe* was the aukwardest mortal. Never, sure, did a more simple squire page it at the heels of a fair lady. Neither the Sancho of Don Quixote, nor the Pedrillo of Rosalva, were more arrant Children of Nature—were guided by more native simplicity. He and his occupations seemed made for each other, so exactly were they respectively fitted. He was never famous but for two things; *viz.* for whistling after his team the loudest and most musical notes of any in the whole village; and for knitting stockings: this was all the reputation he had in the world; and he was now going to set out for London (where he had never been) in high expectation of seeing fine things and fine folks, but without any idea of receiving treatment different from what he met with in the parish of Elmwood.

Now, Reader, stop a moment, and bethink thee of this plan and of this journey; and then confess that

they were highly worthy of the politic heads which gave them birth. A village-virgin, as pure as the snow-drop in the valley, attended by a village-boor; both equally accustomed to travelling, and the bustle of an English turnpike-road; both equally skilled in the knowledge of men and of their characters, are setting out for London—for *London*, I say—in quest of a Curacy! The thing was worthy of a Village Curate. The descent of Eneas into Hell was, in comparison of this, walking upon carpets.

*Facilis descensus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum——*

Our travellers were now ready to begin their walk to the market-town, which was but four miles distant. Without palfrey, armour, or other retinue than the children of the neighbourhood (who regarded Julia as the good and fair genius of the village), the cavalcade set out. Julia and her Father led the van, and the rest followed. Joe, as if conscious that he was entering upon a service of danger, assumed a statelier port and a more august visage; and, with a clean shirt in his left pocket, much good bacon and cheese in his right, and a lusty sapling in his hand, he towered majestically forward in the midst of the children, with stern aspect and long strides.

The company had now walked a mile, and were to part. On this trying occasion I could say much, but will not. To describe the glances of affection and the looks of love which glistened in every eye, which played in every feature, would be tedious to many of my gentle Readers. I shall therefore content myself with informing them, that in this difficult scene the simple heart of the Curate failed him; his eyes confessed it, and he played the woman. The tender Julia caught the soft contagion; and from her it passed to the little villagers who composed her train. Joe, who now saw what was passing all around him, was not willing to be singular: his eye forgot its haughtiness for a moment, and he mixed his

plaintive notes in the concert of woe.—Thus they are all crying together.

But these lamentations were soon over. The Curate, taking his Daughter by the hand, showered blessings and advices upon her in great plenty; told her to be cautious, prudent, and expeditious; that while she took care of herself, she was serving him; and then again wishing her ten thousand blessings, bade his child adieu. The Curate marched slowly back at the head of his young flock, and our two travellers set forward to the market-town with a hasty pace and high expectations.

Having now begun a journey, we must be expeditious. They arrived at the market-town, met the stage-coach, and took their respective stations; Julia in the inside, and Joe, like her guardian-angel, perched above her upon the top. Now why should I loiter to rehearse the trivial adventures of a stage-coach journey; how, always as town rose to view after town, hill after hill, and county after county, the spirits of Joe rose in proportion, and still he whistled on both loud and long, like the lark at day-break; or how, though all the silly people in the coach stared continually at Julia, the timid Julia durst not stare at them? or why should I relate the idle small-talk, the impudent regard, and the uncourteous gallantry, with which she was entertained by a foolish Officer of the Guards (those coxcomb troops), who is well known to be a fop in the Drawing-room, and a fribble on the Parade? Otherwise, they went smoothly on, till they arrived at the lane which is three miles on the west side of Uxbridge; when a very civil gentleman came to the window, and desired them to give him all the money they had. The gentleman at the window was far from being unpolite, considering he had declared war against society. He bespoke them very gently, beginning at the right hand, and following them all, man by man, and woman by woman, till he went round to the left side. The Officer was unhappily first, and he gave his purse with a ful-

len silence. Julia was next, and held her little money in her hand, but durst not look toward the window. A meagre cockney gave all, but begged a few shillings back, to carry him to St. Paul's. A little fat woman surrendered her purse, with a threat; and a plain-dressed man regretted he had not more for so civil a gentleman.

When they arrived at the Inn at the next stage, each one expressed his sorrows as his feelings prompted: but they were now to enter upon their last stage, and none had such weighty cause to be aggrieved as Julia, who had not a friend before her. To go forward was madness, and to go back was impossible. What was she to do? She called in Joe, and asked if he had provided himself with any money, in case of an emergency. "Yes, that I have; and there it is at your service;" throwing down his entire stock upon the table, which in the whole amounted to the sum of three shillings and ninepence. This made despair more black. It was her first misfortune; and she thought it but a rough entrance into the world, for one who never deserved it.

The Officer now entered the room; and seeing Joe there, began to upbraid him for suffering the highwayman to escape, when he was seated so advantageously at the top, with an oaken sapling in his hand. "You stupid oaf! (said this military hero) why did you not attack him?" "'Case I had not a sward by my side, like you (replied Joe, with the greatest frankness) he—he—he! icod, every man to his traide, measter!" These arguments were unanswerable.

The Officer now walked up to Julia, whose embarrassment he perceived; and taking her aside, told her he guessed the cause of her sorrow, and that he was happy he had it in his power to remove it: "for (continued he) I know the road too well to venture my all upon it, and to leave myself unprovided with resources. Here (says he, untying his stock, and shaking out of it a slender green purse) here is my *corps de reserve*: I gave the robber a few shillings, and

I secured this for your use." Now Julia examined the face of this affair simply as it stood. It was a case of necessity; and she thought it ridiculous for one who was many, many miles from Elmwood, and who had not two-pence in her pocket, to refuse the loan of a few guineas, which would remove all her sorrows. She might probably have an opportunity of hinting the matter to Lord C—— when she saw him, who would no doubt advance the money upon the Curacy, and thus all would be right again. She therefore thanked him politely, and told him that when she saw her noble friend, Lord C——, she hoped to be able to repay him. "Lord C——! (says he) what—you are going to visit him!" "Yes, Sir." "O—a relation, I presume, Madam?" "No, Sir—only a friend: his Lordship and my Father were great friends when they were young, and at school." "Ay, ay! your Father, I presume, Madam, lives in the country." "Yes, Sir; he is Curate of Elmwood, near ***** in Warwickshire." "Your visit, Ma'am—is it a visit of pleasure or business?" "Business, Sir: I am only come to town with a letter from my Father to Lord C—— to solicit the Curacy of *****." "O I understand you, Ma'am. Lord C—— is my particular acquaintance, and it will give me pleasure to be your protector and your guide, till I deliver you safely and honourably to his Lordship. Would you chuse to alight, Ma'am, at any particular place in London?" "No (said the simple Julia), I intend to stay at the inn all night, and to wait upon his Lordship in the morning." "Ah! Madam (replied the Officer), you do not know the confusion, the disgust, and danger which you will meet with at the inn. I have a mother in town, who lives elegantly. Be prevailed upon to be lodged this night at her house: She will receive you with cheerfulness, and treat you with tenderness. May I perish, Madam! May I beg the honour to know your name, Madam?" "Julia." "May I perish, Miss Julia, but I am interested in your case, as sin-

cerely as if you was my own sister!" This last proposal was better and better. To meet so good a friend at once! She was certain her Father's prayers for her were heard; and she thought she could not be too thankful to Heaven—nor to the Gentleman. She accepted his offer; and they entered the stage-coach once more.

As the coachman was at this place paid his full demand, there was nothing to be done but to roll into Town, and go where they pleased. The fat woman lived in Holborn, and the coach stopt to set her down. "Here too, Madam (said the Officer to Julia), we may get out, for we are near our home." The artful abruptness and hurry of the summons—the consciousness of finding herself suddenly in the midst of the immense metropolis, where she already saw strange things, and expected to see still stranger—her total ignorance of every thing around her—her hopes—her expectations—her simplicity—all contributed to throw her mind into confusion, her spirits into a flutter. She forgot every thing; she forgot even Joe—and Joe, alas! forgot her; for he was exactly in the same predicament. He was astonished: he was in a new world: his recollection forsook him, and a mist wandered over his eyes: he sat nailed to the top of the coach, with his mouth open, looking at every thing, and seeing nothing. In this cloud Julia escaped; and she neither spoke nor looked around her, till her gallant commander led her into Lincoln's-inn-fields. Now when a young Gentleman, with a young Lady by his side, who is resolved to follow him, finds himself in Lincoln's-inn-fields, the road to Covent-Garden lies direct: 'tis only going up Queen-street, crossing the *Lane* and the *Acre*, and you're there. He conducted her into that well-known house situated between the gate of the Theatre and the Piazza Coffee-house. The polite inhabitants of this house received the young Gentleman with all the freedom and civility of an old acquaintance, which convinced Julia that he was *quite at home*.

Now, gentle Reader, while Julia and her friend are seated at a bottle of Madeira, recollect, and confess whether we have not travelled to good purpose. From the banks of the Avon—from the mansion of innocence—from the warm bosom of a Father—to place our Heroine on the very brink of perdition at once!—by Pegasus, it was rapidly done! Other authors, indeed, have by degrees, from adventure to adventure, from scene to scene, carried their Heroines into very extreme danger; but we, fully resolved to excel all that have ever gone before us, have seated her upon the pinnacle of ruin at once. And now, ye guardian spirits (if such spirits there be, as certain divines have told us) whether ye be Sylphs, Genii, or Fairies—if ye have indeed any regard for innocence, and a virgin too—now open your golden eyes, and now ply your silver pinions—for innocence is in danger. And now, thou wretched old man, thou ambitious Curate of Elmwood—rekindle your piety, and redouble your prayers—for your daughter, your Julia, *is in a Bagnio*—and without a fear!

Every thing that passed around Julia in this house appeared too plausible for her eyes to be opened, or her suspicion to be roused (for she had never been in a tavern before: and as to the incessant tinkling of bells, and the incessant running of waiters, why, bells and servants must be in all great families, and, no doubt, must be continually employed). The deception, I say, was good, and every thing appeared extremely well, except one thing: it puzzled her to conceive why they should be conducted into a *bed-chamber*! But perhaps (she thought) it was the fashion in London, and what was that to her?

He philtered the beverage, and Julia drank sparingly, but not so her companion: he was to attempt the gaining of a difficult post, and the coward wanted spirits. It is a tribute paid to virtue, that, though it be lodged in the possession of but a frail and weak tenement, its spoiler, before he attempts to ruin it, must call to his assistance foreign aid, acquire ficti-

tious spirits, and debase himself into a brute. The second bottle began to tune the spirits of our Hero: his veins swelled, his pulse quickened, his eyes glistened, and his cheek glowed: he snatched the hand of Julia, fed upon it with fury, and devoured it with a tumult of unholy love: if indeed, he *loved* Julia, it was with the sensations of a tyger.

She started from his embraces, and retreated some paces from her chair. He followed, and renewed the attack, and Julia her resistance: he grew stronger, he grew wilder: his hand was wandering over her charms (where hand never wandered before), and he became furious: Julia became faint—she was yielding—her tender frame was exhausted, and she could now only shriek. A shriek was a new thing in these apartments, and it alarmed a gentleman in the adjoining room, who, with his coat off, a dirty boot on one leg, and his face glowing and besmeared with sweat, kicked open the door, and rushed violently into the room with all the zeal of a man who was to assist the distressed. The Officer let go his hold of Julia, and she threw herself breathless upon a chair. The man in *disfhabille* stared at them both alternately, now at Julia, and now at the Officer, and at length broke silence:

“What! force! Why, thou damnable and silly animal, what a dirty business is this you are engaged in—*forcing* a woman to your wishes! To *force* a woman in any place is a meanness that no man of honour will stoop to—but to force one *here*—in *this* house——D-mn---n! you scoundrel! get out—walk off, or I’ll kick you.”

We need not be surprised that the Officer was mean enough to take his advice. He looked at the man in *disfhabille* as if he had recollected something, and left the room precipitately.

“And now, my angel (said the gentleman in the boot to Julia, taking her by the hand), let us drink a glass or two, and I dare say *we* shall agree better.”
“Oh, Sir! (replied Julia, clasping her hands, and

falling on her knees before him) have mercy on me!—pity me!—or you will kill me.” “Pshaw, my dear! I never kill *quite* upon these occasions; you will but *die* at the most. But, Child, you look damn’d serious upon this business—Is any thing the matter with you?” “Oh, Sir! (answered Julia, in the midst of many tears) I do not know where I am, and I do not know where to go. I am just come to town in the Warwick stage.” “In the Warwick stage!—what, through Uxbridge?” “Yes.” “And was that fellow one of the company?” “Yes.” “Whe—w!—And you met a highwayman, didn’t you?” “Yes.” “That was me, by God!” Here Julia shrieked, terrified at the sound of the name; but he stopped her in good time. “You must not be afraid (said he), for I won’t hurt you. Tell me honestly, are you virtuous or not?—that is, are you a maid?” “Oh! *upon* my honour, Sir.” “How came you here then, in company with that fellow?” “When you took—when I lost all my money, he advanced some for me; and as I had no friends in London, promised to take care of me, and bring me to his mother’s till to-morrow, when I could finish all my business.” “Then you are *really* honest?”—As I love Heaven and my Father, Sir, I am.” “Then thou art a lovely girl, and ’tis pity so fine a woman *should be honest*. But I believe you, and will be your friend—will guard you from harm—for, by God! I am a man of honour! and though misfortune and my evil spirit force me sometimes to the highway, I scorn to do a mean thing, by God! In the first place, as you have lost your money, you shall divide this purse with me. In the next place, you are now in a house full of whores and scoundrels. I must leave it myself in a minute, in case that fellow should have *twigged* me, and I fancy you had better leave it too. Trust yourself with me, and I will take care of you till morning.” Julia told him he could not serve her more agreeably than by taking her to the inn where the stage and Joe

were. That, he said, was more than he durst do; but he would conduct her to a place equally or more secure. So saying, he returned to his room, to throw off part of his *road-dress*, and adjust the rest.

If the Reader has a fancy worth two-pence, he will conceive how Julia's thoughts were employed in this interval, till they were interrupted by the entrance of the highwayman, who appeared now to be a handsome and genteel young fellow. He paid the reckoning, and they departed. It was now between nine and ten in the evening.

They had not quitted the Piazza, when four of Sir John Fielding's men rushed forward, and seized the highwayman with the most incredible activity. They swept him away, as the whirlwind sweeps away the leaves in Autumn, and whirls them the Lord knows where. Julia ran rapidly away, nor cast one look behind. She continued to go forward (as she thought), till she had ran a great way; and then stopping for breath, she was exactly on the spot from whence she set out—she had only run *round* the Garden, not suspecting but she was going forward in a straight line. “Madam! Madam! (says an Irish chairman to her) do you want a chair?” “I do not know what I want.” “My fait, but *I* do: you want to be carried to Mother H——’s, my jewel, which I and Connor yonder can do in five minutes.” “My good friend, if you can carry me to any honest place, I shall bless you for ever.” “Honest *plase*! Devil burn me, my hony, an if I know one honest *plase* in the whole town—Ha, ha, ha!—honest *plase*!—Ah, you cunning Devil you!—To be sure you want to go to an honest *plase*!—Ha, ha ha!—Here you, Mr. Watchman—this Lady wants to go to an honest *plase*—Can’t you shew her the way?” “Aye, that I can (replied the watchman)—Ah, Madam, is it you?—I know you of old—Come along, come along with me: you shall go to the honestest place in all King George’s dominions—the *Round-house*.”—The watchman happened just at

that time to want a pot of beer; but Julia not understanding his meaning, to the round-house he led her in triumph.——Ah, Julia! Julia, ah!

She had been hitherto overwhelmed in a kind of insensibility: the suddenness and horror of the last adventure were too powerful for her; her faculties lost their power, and her recollection was suspended; she was led by the watchman without seeing whither she was going, and she was dragged along without feeling that he held her by the arm. But she had not been long seated at the top of the bench, where they placed her near the fire, before she awakened from her stupor. She recovered, looked around, and saw herself seated in the midst of a horrible assembly, whose miscreant visages would make angels weep, and demons tremble. High above the rest, like the Evil Spirit in Pandemonium, sat the Constable of the Night, a beef-headed knave with a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard on a stool before him——“Here (said this man in office) you, Snoring Dick, reach this here tankard to that there Lady, and then bring her before me for examination. Oh, she won't drink! Well, well, that's all one—if she does not drink she'll pay; so bring her forward here.”

Julia now advanced: her cheeks were suffused with tears, her breath quickened, and her whole frame trembled.

“Ay, ay (says the Constable), you may well shake when you look at me. Hem! what account can you give of yourself, Miss?—No, that's not it neither: I'll begin with you, I think, Mister Watchman. Where did you find this here Lady here, Snoring Dick?”

“Found her! (replies Dick) why, please your Worship, I found her picking a gemmun's pockets.”

“Picking a gemmun's pockets! Mercy on us! O ho, Miss! you may well shake when you look at me. Well, Dick, go on.”

“And so, Sir, as she was a-picking the gemmun's

pockets, as I was a-saying, I comes close behind her, and lays hold of her hand in the fact."

"In the fact?"

"—In the fact."

"Transportation, to be sure.—Well, go on, Snoring Dick."

"And so, Sir, as I catches her hand, she turns about, stoops down for one of her pattens, and before you could say *cavy*, hits me the nastiest blow in the skull I ever had in my life since the great riot. You please to feel, Mister Constable, the lump it has raised on my skull, as big as a quart bason."

"Ay, God blefs me! so it is—it's a thumper, i'faith!"

"A thumper! It will stand damages. I never had such a blow in my life. I wa'ant ye it bleeds under my hair. It stounded me like a stock-fish."

"Ay, she wanted to murder you."

"Yes."

"Oh, the horrid monster! Well, Madam, have you nothing to say for yourself?—Ah, you impudent—Dick, take off her patten, that we may carry it as a witness before Sir John in the morning."

"Ay, that I will, Mister Constable; the patten will speak for itself, and a damn'd heavy patten it is."

Dick stooped for it, but Julia *wore no pattens*.

"Ah, the cunning Devil! (continued Dick) she has thrown them away. I thought I heard her throw something away as we came along."

"Oh, let her alone! (said the Constable)—she's a knowing one: but she shall *doll* it in Bridewell to-morrow, for all that. Ay, you may well shake when you look at me, you bloody-minded—You may now return to your seat."

As Julia was returning to her bench, she trembled incessantly, but never uttered a syllable.—"Oh, (says Dick) she's dumb-founded with the highoufness of her crime." "No (replies a second), she's drunk." "Not so far gone neither (echoes a third); but a quartern of gin would recover her."

"Ay, ay (says the Constable), there's no doubt but she'll drink; and it's her turn now to send out. Please, Madam, to give this gemmun money for a gallon of Trueman's best, and for half a gallon of hot, and for four papers of tobacco, and for a loaf, and for three pound of Cheshire. Here, Scout; walk over, Sirrah, to the Lady, and make her your Sunday's bow—Bring every thing of the best, and then we'll drink to the Lady's health, and to poor Snoring Dick's head; and old Ugly-face in the corner yonder will sing us the comical song about the Cat and the Taylor, and make his wry faces, and we'll be as happy as princes."

When this oration was finished, Scout made his obeisance to Julia. She was just able to ask him what he wanted?—"Money, Madam." "How much must you have?" "Oh, you may let me have five or six shillings, and I'll make the best market I can, and return you the rest faithfully, Madam, upon my honour!—And if that won't be enough, I'll return for more."

Julia felt in her pocket for her purse (which the highwayman had given her) but she could not find it—it was gone!

On seeing this, the President bawled out immediately, that it was "a sham!" and Julia protested in vain. The company around heard this with an arch smile; the watchmen shook their heads, and the Constable grew noisy; which awakened an old gentleman who had hitherto slept very soundly in a corner. Estimating the thing as favourably as possible, he had not above half the appearance of a gentleman. The truth is, he was no other than the well-known Mr. B——, who once had three thousand a year, though he has not now sixty; but being a man of plain manners and a generous disposition, is still well received among his relations, and strangers who know him. He had been lounging, as usual, for eight or nine hours in a coffee-house in the Garden, and then withdrew, as he frequently does, to the watch-house,

either to sleep or drink. On this last account, he was regarded there with some degree of respect.

He naturally enquired the cause of the noise; and the majority informed him, that it was "only a *Madam* there, who pretended she had lost her purse." Julia now appealed to him in her turn; and, with that unaffected simplicity which ever clothes the words of innocence and truth, informed him, that a watchman had taken hold of her unexpectedly in the street; that she was positive she had her purse at that time, *because a gentleman had given it to her but two minutes before*; that from that time she had only walked thither with the watchman, and now she missed her money.

"Which watchman was it?" said the gentleman.

"Me," replied Snoring Dick, boldly.

"Was it *you*? (repeated Mr. B——). Ah, Dick! you and I, you know, are old acquaintance, and it is long since I have known you to be a scoundrel. Therefore, Sirrah, deliver the purse."

"Me! (answered Dick) Have I the purse? I'll be damn'd if I have any purse about me."

"You haven't?"

"No."

"And you won't deliver?"

"No—"

"Why then, Mr. Constable, I charge you with —"

"Except indeed (interrupts Dick eagerly) something that I picked up on the street, as I was coming along with that there lady."

"Ah, you old fox! (said the gentleman) I thought I should unkennel you. Where is this *something* which you *picked up from the street*?"

"Here it — is but it does not belong to her."

"Pray, Madam, (said Mr. B——, addressing Julia) is this your purse?"

"If it has a gold tassel at either end (answered Julia), it is mine, Sir, upon my honour."

It had so, was delivered to her, and Mr. B——

immediately retired back into his corner to resume his nap.

Julia now willingly paid all the demands made upon her; and the President observed to her, that as to be sure as how she was a good-natured lady, and civil, and all them there things, and had *given a good account* of herself, why, to be sure, she might now go about her business.

Julia thanked him, but mentioned, that she did not know whither to go till morning. "Not know! (said the Constable) why there are five hundred beds round you, where you may sleep for half-a-crown." But she was a stranger in town, and did not chuse to venture into strange houses.

"Lord, Ma'am (observed Snoring Dick), for sixpence I'll conduct you to a *bagnio* where you will be as safe as if you was in the Tower." She started at hearing a *bagnio* mentioned. "Why then, Ma'am, if so be as you are so shy, and a'n't proud, hire me well, and I'll let you sleep in my house.—There's nobody there but my wife.—I'll seek but five shillings, and your purse can well spare that."

This proposal did not require to be repeated. Julia took him at his word. Even though he took her purse, as he was a poor man, she thought she might be safe in his house for a night. Besides, she was pleased with the thoughts of being in company with a woman once more. With Dick, therefore, she went into one of the little-streets behind Long-acre, and followed him into a three-pair-of-stairs room, humble enough, indeed, but where all was silence. Dick awakened his wife, told her the story, whispered to her to look sharp after her lodger, and left them.

Julia chatted a little while with her landlady, and found her to be civil enough, for a watchman's wife. The first thing she begged of her was to be favoured with pen, ink, and paper. She readily got these; the landlady retired to bed; and Julia wrote the following letter:

"Ah! my dear Father, shall we ever meet again?—When shall we meet?—Are you well?—Shall I ever see you? and ah! shall you ever see me?"

"I am now—alas! I do not know where I am—nor where I have been—nor where I shall be to-morrow. I seem an out-cast from society: I have not met one friend since I left you: every one deceives me—every one insults me: they have treated me cruelly—they have broke my heart. Even *Joe* has forsaken me: he has deserted me, or he is lost—for I know not what is become of him.

"Ah, my Father! my dear Father!—that Heaven which we both serve, let that Heaven bear witness, that *one* wish alone fills my whole soul—the wish to see you once more, to talk with you, to gaze upon you, to sit once more by your knee. I would rush into your bosom: I would wet it with my tears, but I would never forsake it—never, never!

"They are not mankind who surround me—I do not live among the human race: these are the habitations of the furies. When shall I leave them? Shall I ever quit the dreary mansion where I now write? I tremble. Shall I never more see Elmwood?—Shall I never more fly into the bosom of my Father?"

"And oh! (continued Julia, in words half-stifled with grief) if it is possible, as my Father has told me, that dreams have any meaning, and that the soul is most susceptible of these visionary impressions when it is most o'ercharged with woe—most surely this night I shall converse with my Father." She sealed these hopes with a shower of tears.

Now, gentle reader, if it has been at any time your fate (as it has been mine, and as it is at this moment many a nobler fellow's), to be sitting in that lofty habitation called a *garret*, plunged in deep distress—no pence in your purse, no mirth in your heart, and no beef in your belly—when, throwing your eyes around the rayless walls, you are conscious that sighs and tears are the only plentiful com-

modities about you—if this has been your case, you must well know the comfort that arises from shedding your sorrows in secret—the relief that flows from a shower of solitary tears. In such a situation, next to instantaneous and absolute relief, it is the first of blessings—and Julia now felt it in all its force. Her heart was eased, and she hoped for a night of rest, and for better days. Having then sealed up her letter, she retired to a bed so humble that it kissed the very ground.

Watching and grief had given her too good an appetite for sleep not to enjoy it. Whether or not she dreamed, I cannot really inform my reader, because she never informed me of this circumstance. This I know, that she slept nine hours incessantly, and, when she awoke, found her head resting upon the partition-wall which rose at the back of her bed. It consisted only of a single file of boards, and was full of crevices. Her ear lay upon one of them, and it conveyed to her the most doleful accents that ever struggled from the human breast. She started, and applied her eye to the crevice, but every thing was solitary: she saw no one. The voice ceased. It ceased only for a moment. Again it murmurs, weeps, laments, sobs; and again it ceases. Her sympathetic soul followed it through all its variations; and, led by a soft humanity, she mourned with the mourner through every change of his woe. She applied her eye a second time, but could see nothing. A moment after, the voice was renewed. It was now more querulous, then more plaintive, and at length died away upon her ear, as if it had expired for want of strength. She heard it no more.

For the present, Julia suppressed her feelings, and arose. Snoring Dick had retired for an hour, to sleep away the fatigues of the night and of the beer-pot. His wife was at breakfast, and invited Julia to partake of her bohea. She consented willingly; and the woman, who had but one cup, politely offered it

to her guest, and took for her own use a pint-pot from which her husband had been drinking beer.

This repast over, Dick awakened; and Julia, who was during breakfast-time devising what measures to follow, proposed at first to engage him to go along with her to the inn where Joe and the stage-coach were; but on recollecting the dangers she had already experienced in the streets, she resolved not to venture upon it again, without a better guide than her friend the watchman. She therefore judged it more prudent to hire him to go to the inn, and to bring Joe along with him to the place where she was. Dick readily assented to this proposal, for the hire of a half-crown; which, he stipulated, should be paid him before he set off, as well as the crown for the bed. All this he received on the spot, with the letter for her Father to be put into the Post-office. He now departed, assuring her, that though she had not the name of the inn to give him, he could discover it.

This business happily adjusted, the groans in the adjoining apartment rose upon Julia's mind. She had purposely delayed her enquiries till Dick's departure, whom she knew to be unblest with humanity. His wife, by a softer temper and a more complacent behaviour, had recommended herself better to the observation of Julia, and she reserved her sympathies for her ear. Assuming, therefore, that eager and serious aspect which the face wears when we are in earnest, she enquired who were the inhabitants of the neighbouring mansion? "An old man (answered the woman), who I fancy is sometimes in distress; but we have too many wants of our own to mind any others." Indifferent as the woman was when she said this, Julia felt herself interested, and conceived much more than was expressed. Seeing her hostess not very fond of social woe, she suppressed her emotions, and in a short time after stole out into the stair-case. The door of the man in distress was exactly opposite to the watchman's, and she

gently knocked at it. There was no answer. She knocked more loudly, but all was silence. "Alas! (said she to herself) if your grief is past utterance, I must enter without leave." She raised the latch, and entered. It was a piteous sight, and worthy of the tears of those bright eyes which now shed them so plentifully. Image in your mind; this lovely girl bending over a bed, which contained in it, stretched along under a tattered rug, a man, upon whose features Heaven seemed to have poured its bitterest pangs. He was alive, but had ceased to groan, because he could groan no longer. In his arms were two children. His left was circled round one who was asleep—his right, round one who was—dead. He gazed upon Julia without any emotion, and made not an effort to move even his head. He looked as if he was RESIGNATION. That great Poet who suffered no scene of the soul and no situation of nature to escape him, has almost described him. He seemed

———To pine in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
To lay like Patience on a monument
Smiling at Grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

Here was that feast of exquisite grief, that luxury of sensibility, which is fit only for those exalted souls who move in the higher departments of humanity. It was fit for Julia.

At length Julia spoke. "Poor—poor man! what can relieve you?" He shook his head—"Nothing." Here Julia's sympathy once more broke loose: her tears poured down incessantly. Tears are infectious. Two or three trickled down from the poor man's eye. "May God bless you! (said he) you have shed the first tears that have been shed for me these ten years. The fountain of my sorrows is almost exhausted, but I have still a drop to mix with yours." "Poor—poor man! (returned Julia) what shall I do to serve you." "O nothing! (he replied) nothing! One of my children is dead, and the other will be so in half

an hour. I am waiting for its death, and I shall then follow it." "Alas! (said Julia, sitting upon the bed-side) would not you have it live? Is it impossible to recover it?" He answered, "I hope it is." She then attempted to take hold of it; but he pressed it closer to his side, and would not let it go. "I pity you (said Julia), and wish to relieve you: you and your child *may* still live. Suffer me to be your friend." At this he only shook his head, and attempted to smile, as if to tell her it was impossible. However, not to be guided longer by a man who was in despair, she was resolved to administer to the woes of the wretched. She left the room, and returned to the watchman's wife. She slightly mentioned to her where she had been, told her there was great distress, and begged of her to go out for a little wine, to be warmed for the use of the sick. The woman (who was not totally destitute of good-nature, though it was strongly seasoned with that vice so peculiar to good-natured people, indifference) readily obeyed. The wine which she brought was warmed, and carried in by Julia herself to the solitary Father. She insisted that her landlady should not accompany her; from an opinion, perhaps, that this scene of sorrows was too sacred for the profane eye of the vulgar.

The man of despair (naturally enough, in his situation) refused relief; but Julia insisted on the thing, and she had shed too many tears to be refused. He desired, however, that since they *must* be relieved, the child should be relieved first. "As for you (said he, withdrawing his arm from the child which Julia was taking hold of, and turning to the one that was dead), as to you, my dear and lamented girl—my last and my best-beloved—you have closed your eyes upon me, and you are smiling at life in the bosom of your Mother. You was weary of hearing your Father's groans. You fled to invite him to follow." He now kissed it, gazed upon it, hugged it, and wept over it; and then dried the tears off its face, as if it could be conscious of the favour.

In the mean time Julia was very busy about *her* child, but her assiduities were almost baffled. The child had opened its eyes, but it refused to open its mouth. In short, she was obliged to call to her assistance her hostess, who readily came, and between them they poured some warm wine mixed with water down its throat. Still it was insensible; and at length it was thought prudent to carry it to the next room, to be nursed before the fire; which the hostess did.

Julia now administered to the Father, and he was revived. The balmy strength of the wine recalled his expiring spirits, and warmed a heart which was almost cold. The first use he made of his new-acquired strength was to thank his benefactress, and to enquire for his child. Being informed where it was, he seemed to be satisfied. Julia soon after prepared for him a bit of bread, thin and toasted, which he ate with some difficulty. This, however, prepared the way for his recovery; and in about two hours he was tolerably easy and strong. The child in the other room made a slower progress back to life, but they did not despair.

This child (a boy) having been put to bed again, the watchman's wife resumed her usual occupations; while Julia, whose gentle faculties were still attuned to softness and distress, waited upon the Father, and pressed him warmly to reveal the origin and progress of his misfortunes. He shook his head at this request, and told her it would be a hard task; beside that, she had already shed tears enough that day upon his account. However, he complied: and Julia, sitting upon his bed-side, her cheek leaning upon her left hand, listened to a tale of deep and desperate distress. "Behold before you (said he), starved with hunger and covered with rags, a man who has long fought for his king, and spilt for him his dearest blood—whose body is covered with wounds, in defence of that country which now leaves him as you see him! Such is the balm they

have applied to my wounds!" Though his notes were querulous, they were eloquent. But truth is always eloquent. At present I am neither in leisure nor in the humour to repeat them; and perhaps I never shall.

When he finished his melancholy tale, he caught hold of the hand of Julia, and pressed it to his bosom:—"This bosom was *once* warm (said he): but though it is cold, you are welcome in it. I cannot thank you; but my boy will live and do it, when I am crumbling in that grave from which you have drawn me for a moment." Julia, with that true politeness which is natural to virtuous minds, begged him to accept some money for his present necessities, and promised to visit him till it could be no longer in her power.

It was now rather beyond dinner-time, but neither Dick nor Joe appeared. Julia was growing uneasy. Four o'clock struck, but brought no comfort with it. It was five—but nobody arrived—six—seven—eight—nobody! During these intervals she had paid frequent visits to the man in distress, and applied every lenitive she could invent to his affliction; and she charged her hostess with great sincerity, at whatever time she went away, to be attentive to his necessities till her return, which would be both certain and quick. So he was for the present pretty well provided for.

I have said it was now eight o'clock, and nobody appeared. She became very, very uneasy. It was now half past eight. "Still nobody! Good Heaven! are my misfortunes never to end?" It seems *not*, Julia: for about a quarter before nine two of Sir John Fielding's men entered, with Dick—drunk, very drunk—at their head.

Ah! 'tis as I always thought it. This dirty world has but few good persons in it, and these few it is continually harrassing and pestering with its evils—nor does it often cease till it breaks their hearts. Shame on it, that a Curate's innocent beautiful

Daughter, who never prayed for the good things of this world, nor for the evil upon its inhabitants, should not be suffered *to go upon an errand* for her Father without molestations and misfortunes! I repeat it—shame upon so dirty a world!

Now, gentle reader, whatever your thoughts upon this affair may be, certain it is that Sir John Fielding's men are come in quest of Julia; and, I'll lay you plums to pippins that you cannot conjecture their business with her.

To understand it, then, your memory must recur to the adventures of Julia with the highwayman. He had met her in the bagnio, and given her a purse with money in it, and in their departure together from thence that highwayman was apprehended. Julia fled, and was afterward by chance conducted to the round-house, as we have before related at large. Now the highwayman was apprehended upon the information of the courageous Officer of the Guards, of whose heroic and military virtues we have already spoke so fully. Just when this coxcomb arrived at the office, the fat woman of Holborn had alighted there upon the same business. When the highwayman therefore was apprehended, the first business thought necessary was to search him; and all the different purses of the company were found upon him, except that of the fat woman. It was agreed that he could not have spent it in so short a time—*ergo*, he must have given it away. To corroborate the suspicion, the men recollected that a woman was along with him when he was apprehended, and the perfumed Officer confirmed it. The case was therefore plain: Julia must have the purse in her possession. Away they sallied, with the Officer at their head, through streets, bagnios, taverns, and night-houses; but in vain: she was nowhere to be found. The next night, between eight and nine, one of them met Dick the watchman. (Dick was at this time returning home to Julia without any answer or information; for instead of going

on her errand, he went to get drunk with her money). The thief-taker enquired of him by chance, as the adventure happened within his circuit, if he had seen such a lady—after describing her very minutely. “Seen her! (says Dick) why, she is at my house.” This information was sufficient for the servant of justice: he took Dick by the arm, and summoning one of his companions, set off for the lodging of Julia.

We have already seen them introduced where she was. They seized her without ceremony, and proceeded, as usual, to search her. The fatal purse, so remarkable for the golden tassel at either end, was in a moment found. This confirmed the suspicion, and she was carried away as an accomplice.—When will persecution cease to follow virtue?

Sir John was not that night at home, and they informed her that she must be imprisoned till morning. *Imprisoned!* She shrieked at the very sound. —“Pshaw! (said one of them, seeing her confusion) you need not be terrified, I assure you, Ma’am: we are not going to a common prison. I have a pretty, little, snug house, and as close as a cage, where you may sleep as safely and soundly as in your own bed-chamber. No difference in the world, I assure you, Ma’am—only that every door and window in the house is inclosed with strong and triple iron bars. That’s all, I assure you, Ma’am: and notwithstanding all these advantages, it will cost you only a *guinea* for your bed—not a farthing more, I assure you, Ma’am. I keeps the best usage, the best *tendance*, and the best wines in the *Garden*, I assure you, Ma’am!—Lord, Ma’am, then, what do you pout at? No cause to be terrified, I assure you, Ma’am!”

Eloquent as this language was, and comfortable, it did not greatly gladden the heart of Julia. But there was no choice in the case, and she followed her guides. Arrived, they led her into an upper apartment, where was a fire, and good furniture. She was left alone for ten minutes; at the end of

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which the landlord waited upon her, and asked what she chose for supper. "Nothing."—What did she choose to drink, then? "Nothing."—"Oho, (replied he) an' if so be that you are so rusty, good night to you with all my heart." He then turned upon his heels; and pulling the door after him with fury, locked it with a key which grated as it turned, amidst the rattling of chains and the clanking of iron bars.

Dreadful sounds to such an ear as Julia's! Her teeth gritted, and her joints trembled. This was the severest stroke of all. To be imprisoned! and as an accomplice of a highwayman too! But she submitted to Heaven, where all her wishes rested: her hopes leaned upon that, and upon the prayers of her Father.

She retired to bed, but could not sleep: her misfortunes still interrupted, and occupied her whole soul. She tried again, but in vain: and to this purpose she recollected the lines of her favourite Young. Sleep, says he,

———Like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles: the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfulfilled with a tear.

Her mind recurred to the scenes that were past, and reluctantly brooded over the gloomy assemblage. And in truth, when we reflect upon it, her case was rather hard. It was now only the third night since she had quitted the peaceful mansion-house of Elmwood, and the arms of her Father. The first night she was *somewhere* upon the road; the second she was in a bagnio, in a round-house, and in a garret; and the third she was in prison. Each of these misfortunes was a mountain upon her mind, under which it struggled; but by the struggle it only became more feeble.

At length the soul, by its powerful and violent workings, overcame the body. Wearied with affliction, her spirits languished, and nature sunk into

slumber. Sleep of this kind, though not always the most placid, is the heaviest. She slept till eight in the morning; when she awoke. At nine they paid her a visit, and she ate some breakfast; and at ten she was carried, with a beating heart, in a coach to Bow-street.

Here she did not wait long for the appearance of the Justice, for every thing was prepared; even the unhappy highwayman was in waiting, as necessary to the examination. Indeed, it was thought most proper to begin with questioning him apart upon the subject, and then with examining Julia; and by the comparison of their respective evidences the truth might be easily discovered.

When the highwayman had been examined upon his own account, an obstinacy natural to men in his desperate situation prevented him from giving any account of the purse which was missing. But now, when he was informed that Julia was really in custody, that honour which was not yet entirely extinguished in his heart, was roused for her safety. He ingenuously told Sir John the history of the purse, with even its most minute circumstances; that he had robbed her amongst the rest; that he afterward met her accidentally in the bagnio, and gave her the money only with a view of restoring her own; that he had not been above ten minutes in her company, and that she was in every respect innocent of the crime with which she was charged.

Julia was next examined, and her evidence most exactly corresponded with the former. Ingenuous as usual, she took up the story at Elmwood, and carried it forward to the story of the purse; and she told her little tale with that truth and simplicity which can never be counterfeited. Yet frequent attempts are made to imitate these amiable virtues; and the Justice was sensible of this. He had heard her mention that she had letters for Lord C——, and he desired to see them. These she instantly produced to vouch for her sincerity. She added too, that there was *some-*

where in town a person who could confirm her words beyond suspicion; but alas! poor Joe! she knew not where to find him. "Joe! (said one of the Justice's men who stood behind Julia)—what, is your name Julia, Madam?" "Yes (replied Julia)." The man immediately ran out, and brought back in his hand the *Daily Advertiser*, in which he read the following advertisement:—

"If a farten yung Lady, Miss Jullia—(whose name is nothing to nobody, and which I doan't mention here, becaise I doan't think it proper)—sees this, this is to let you kno, Miss Jullia, that Joe dusn't kno where you be, and that you dusn't kno where Joe is, for he is to be found at the fine of the Swain with too Necks in Lad-lane, and no where else, as witness my hand, by me,

"JOE ****."

This very extraordinary advertisement is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the real paper, which I have now in my possession. Julia listened to it with attention, and confessed her feelings in her eyes, which glistened with expectation. Not contented with an aural information, she snatched the paper, and devoured the precious morsel with her own eyes. In short, the simplicity of the thing spoke for itself, and Joe it was most undoubtedly.

But it may be necessary to explain this affair. I again summon the memory of my readers back to that time of our history, when Joe and Julia unluckily parted in Holborn. Joe did not look for her till the coach stopt in the Inn-yard, and then he waited at the door of it for her appearance. He thought her long in coming, but his patience was not exhausted. The rest of the company had been out of the coach some minutes. At length he ventured to thrust in his head—but she was not there! He started back on his heel, and gazed widely round the yard, but in vain. Opposite to him he saw the door of a public room open, and he rushed in without ceremony. From thence he sallied into the kit-

chen, strode into the parlour, threw his eye into the bar, and peeped into the larder. Wounds! he looked furious, and was almost breathless! He marched into the stables, and in short into every place where he saw a door open to receive him—but all would not do—she was not to be found. He returned to the coach, took one peep more into it, but all was solitary! “God bless my heart (said Joe to himself, fidgetting, and scratching among his auburn hair), protect and save me from all temptations and evil spirits! I wish I could see Miss Julia again.” Now, at last, he bethought him of what he ought to have done at first, viz. to question the coachman concerning the affair, and the coachman informed him of the whole truth. This information in no degree abated his anxiety. “Didn’t she leave no word with you for me?” (said he to the coachman.) “No.”—“Don’t you know where she went?” “No.”—“Don’t you think she’ll come here this night?” “I can’t tell you, upon my word.” Joe with downcast looks and folded arms measured the space across the yard with long and melancholy strides. He walked into the passage of the house, and marked the clock. He counted the hours, as they rolled slow and heavy, but he saw not his mistress. It was now ten o’clock, but no Julia came. Alas! alas!

They are not the severest, but they are the most anxious moments the mind knows, when the possessor of it, simple, timid, and honest, feels himself far from home, and forsaken in the midst of strangers. These moments Joe now felt in all their bitterness. He went to bed without hope, and he arose in the morning in despair. He grieved incessantly, and he wished for the bosom of a friend to lean his griefs upon. At length he disclosed his mind to the hostler, and the hostler gave him his advice. It was this—to *advertise*. Everybody, he said, did it, upon every subject. Always when he lost a *horse*, he advertised for it; and why might not Joe do the same

now for *Julia*? It would certainly lay open the whole affair, for advertisements could do any thing.

At this time Joe stood too greatly in need of comfort, not to take *any* advice that was offered to him. But he thought *this* most excellent. He accordingly wrote with great care the advertisement we have already repeated, and the hostler sent one of his boys with him to the *Daily Advertiser*. And this is the history of this extraordinary advertisement.

When the Justice found so many circumstances spontaneously conspiring to vindicate her innocence, that her amiable simplicity subjected her to so many dangers, and that she was the object rather of a polite humanity than of persecution, he resolved to interest himself in her safety. And, in the first place, he ordered one of his men to go and conduct Joe to his mistress. As to the fat woman, the Magistrate told her that her money should be taken care of; and the highwayman was remanded to prison.

Joe arrives. I have not time to describe every thing; but my readers may be assured that the meeting between him and Julia was truly affectionate. Suffice it to say, that Julia pressed him warmly by the hand, and half cried with joy; and that Joe took fast hold of the skirt of her robe, as if he dreaded her running away from him once more.

The friends thus met, the Justice politely asked Julia how he could most effectually serve her? She replied, that her only business in town was to deliver her letters to Lord C——; and that if he would favour her with a guide thither, she would always remember him with the most unfeigned gratitude. This she obtained; and, once more acknowledging her obligations to the Justice, they all set off for Berkeley-square.

Here they soon arrived. The guide leaving them at the door, Joe immediately took off his hat, for he thought it high treason to be covered within six yards of a *Lord's* door: they knocked, but were told by the porter, his Lordship was not at home. Julia said she

was sorry for that, because she had *letters of importance* for him. "I can't help that (answered the porter), he's not at home; and he'll not be home—I don't know when he'll be home." "But could not you guess Sir? because a *great deal depends upon it.*" "Lord, Ma'am! (replied Cerberus) I tell you I know nothing about it." Sounds so ungentle, uttered by so rude a voice, frightened Julia effectually, and she hastened away from the door; and Joe, sorrowful enough, was preparing to follow—when the porter beckoned him back with a *hem!* and the motion of his finger. "Pray, my lad, (said this dog in office) who is that?"

"My mistress," (answered Joe).

"Ay—From the country. I suppose?"

"Yes: (replied Joe) I come from the country too."

"O—so I see—so I see. You are not acquainted, I find, with the *ways* in this town?"

"No Sir (said Joe),—not with *all* of them."

"Why, then—(come hither—your ear a moment) I have the honour to be Lord C——'s porter; and my master has ordered me—that is, I and my master have agreed—to receive no letter here, unless the bearer gives me a crown. However, as you and your mistress are strangers, and I am a man of honour, I'll be more merciful to you, and so consent to take only half-a-crown—But mum—fly—not a word for your life—for if my master was to hear I *take so little*, he'd turn me out of my place."

"Sure I am, master (answered Joe), indeed we are both very much obliged to you for being so kind. But then what can you do for us, if so be that my Lord a'n't at home?"

"Pshaw, man! (said the porter) run after your mistress and bring the money, and I'll satisfy you about that."

"O—an' that be all (replied Joe), I can pay the money myself."

He drew out his last half-crown, and gave it. He then ran after Julia, and as he went he murmured to

himself—"Icod tho', wern't that a *Lord's* house, it looks hugely like bribery and corruption."

Our two travellers now returned, and were received by the porter with a more courteous complaisance. He now informed them, that, though his Lordship was out of town, he was only at his villa, and would certainly return back to dinner; but that if they were in a hurry, the young Lord was at home, and that he had leave to open his Father's letters in his absence. Julia delivered her packet to the porter, and they were ordered to walk into the anti-chamber. The letters were sent up to the noble youth in his dressing-room.

Now, in order to prepare my readers for a very important æra in the life of my heroine, it may be necessary to relate what this noble youth was. A foolish Grandmother had left him three thousand a-year independent of his Father, and of his age; all which, with three thousand more, he gallantly spent like a man of spirit, long before the year was expired. He asserted, that every kingdom in Europe contributed to furnish his seraglio: he only meant by this, that he kept in pay one French, one Spanish, one Italian, one Scandinavian, one German, one Irish, and one British nymph, all at one time; which he actually did. He was deep in the mysteries at hazard; and knew *Demoivre* better than the Decalogue. He boasted—and he had a right to do it—that he had killed five waiters, and shot two Clergymen, and seven hundred sheep; which last feat he performed as follows:—He was a fowler when at his father's estate in the country; and when he had been unsuccessful in pursuit of game, he always discharged his piece into the body of a sheep. As this amusement exactly hit his taste, he would sometimes re-charge, and re-discharge, till perhaps before his return home, he would leave half a dozen dead upon the field. He frequently observed, that this was an amusement which ought to be practised by *all* Noblemen, in order to fit them to *command in the field* in time of

war, in the service of their country. He boasted too, that he had killed fifteen women, by *breaking their hearts* with a hopeless passion. This, however, was (to use an old and honest English phrase) a *lie*: for he never killed but one woman, and that was by *breaking*—not her *heart*, but her *neck*, by throwing her into the horse-pond, where he swore she had drowned herself—But *she* was only a *dairy-maid*. He boasted also—but in short, we are tired with repeating his glories. Suffice it to say, that his manners were elegantly infamous.

Such was the youth to whom the letter of the Father of Julia was carried. He opened it, and on reading the following paragraph,

“I have presumed, my Lord, to send my DAUGHTER as the bearer of this petition,” &c.

he rung his bell with great haste, and enquired if the *bearer* was below? Being informed that she was, he flew down the stairs, and looking in Julia's face, with the most polite courtesy desired her to walk up stairs while he considered the tenor of her letter. The servants were ordered at the same time to conduct Joe into the hall, and be civil to him. Julia ascended after her noble patron.

Hic pauca desunt. We must pass over the history of half an hour, because it is not yet ripe for relation.

In the mean time Lord C——'s Chaplain, who had been with his Lordship in the country, arrived at the house. He came home before his Lordship, to finish some business of importance to himself before dinner-time. When he entered, he observed Joe staring about in the hall; and perceiving him to be a stranger from the country, entered into conversation with him. He had not many questions to ask; for Joe with his usual frankness told him the whole history—about himself, about Julia, and Julia's business, and where she was now, and with whom. Now this Chaplain was plain in his manners, and equally

plain in his dress—so plain, that he scarcely appeared to be *of the cloth*. Though an enemy to blood-shed, he was far from being a coward; and though he would not subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, he was allowed to be a very honest man.

The Chaplain, having finished his interview with Joe, was retiring to his own apartment. He had not opened his door, when a loud shriek saluted his ear—then another—and another. A thousand ideas rushed upon his mind. He knew Julia by report, and he knew his young Lord by experience. There was no doubt of the business below. He hastened down the stairs, and listened a moment at the key-hole. He could only perceive that some persons were engaged in a violent struggle, and that the chairs were knocked against each other. He tried to enter, but the door was locked. Placing his shoulder against it, therefore, he forced it forward with gentleness and with ease. He entered; and lo!—Innocence was once more in distress!

The hair of Julia was dishevelled, and a handkerchief was drawn close over her mouth, which prevented her cries. Her cloak and neck-handkerchief lay upon the floor, and the arms of her ravisher were twined closely around her. A shoe had dropt from her foot, and many of the pins had quitted her bosom. Unfortunate girl! continually doomed to be the prey of cowards and scoundrels!

The noble youth quitted his hold when the Chaplain appeared, and, advancing to him, exclaimed in a threatening tone, “How dare you, Sir, force your impertinence upon *me* in my own dressing-room?”

“My Lord—(returned the young man, putting his left hand in his bosom, and giving him a full but indifferent look)—“My Lord—does it suit your high spirit to be told, that you are the meanest—O by far the meanest creature in your Father’s house? Noble, without worth—and proud, without dignity—you are beneath the miscreant who caters for your appetites. Poor, pitiful, wretched animal! I do not pull

you by the nose—I do not kick you on the breech—I do not lash you round the room—I do not in any degree deign to chastise the wretch, who has stooped to insult a beautiful, an unoffending woman. Go then, you boaster! retire into your closet, and blush in private; and remember that you have reduced yourself to be forced to hear these stinging truths even from so humble a man as your Father's Chaplain. I scorn, Sir, to tell your Father that you are a scoundrel; but do not forget that for the future I consider you as my inferior."

He finished: and taking Julia by the hand, he led her out of the room, and drew the door behind him.

He conducted her into his own apartment, and sympathized with her in that strain of humane politeness which is ever inseparable from undebauched minds. After she had composed herself, he distantly enquired (as if he had not known) into her business. This was exactly a repetition of Joe's narration. "I thank you, Madam (said he), for your politeness. You will see Lord C—— in about an hour; but previously I think it my duty to inform you of what ought not to be longer concealed from you. It is now one o'clock. Exactly at ten—about three hours ago—Lord C—— appointed me to the curacy you are come to solicit." This information in no degree startled Julia, nor unruffled her features. She observed, that since her Father had not been fortunate enough to obtain the curacy, she was happy the appointment was bestowed upon a man who resembled him so much in his virtues.

At the time specified Lord C—— arrived. Julia was introduced to him by the Chaplain, and he sent to his son for her letters. On reading them he confirmed what the Chaplain had mentioned.

He then turned to Julia, saluted her with that virtuous freedom for which he was always remarkable, and fondly conversed with her about the moments he had spent with her Father near fifty years ago. He next insisted that she should stay with him

two or three days; to which she with the utmost difficulty assented, and of which she informed her parent by letter. When the young Lord heard that Julia was to continue her visit, he assumed some pretence for retiring to his Father's villa till her departure.

Need I mention, that the Chaplain felt the force of the eyes of Julia? From the moment he first saw her in tears, his heart was wounded to the core—for the tears of a woman are irresistible.

— Unskilful they

Who dress the Queen of Love in wanton smiles :

Brightest she shines amidst a show'r of tears :

The graces that adorn her beauty most

Are softness, sensibility, and pity.

ALONZO.

It was during the space allotted for dinner, that the first mutual communication of tenderness took place between the Chaplain and his adored Julia! I say the space *allotted* for dinner, as either party were too much absorbed in the interests of the heart, to fulfil the demands of hunger; he had scarcely performed the first ceremonies of the table, by invoking the blessing of Omnipotence upon the repast, ere he riveted his eyes upon the harmonized visage of his beloved maid, who sat, unconscious of his adoration, in a state half tranquilised; her delicate system had not fully recovered the tone of calmness; she even yet fluttered at the remembrance of the dangers she had passed, and would have been more than ordinary depressed with awe, had not the gentle old Peer as ardently exercised the first principle of politeness, by reconciling her to her situation, through the medium of attention.

There are moments when it might be imagined that invisible sylphs are buoyant; to direct the struggles of the soul, and cunningly to lay open the secrets of the heart by an apparent accident, when the powers of language were denied by discretion, or withheld by terror: it was in one of those important moments, when a recollection of the great services which had been rendered her by the young

Divine, came full upon her mind; and as we are solicitous to contemplate what we esteem, she modestly lifted up her eye-lids to regard her preserver, who, perceiving her aim, collected such a portion of fire into his vision, that when the azure orbs of Julia came in a direct line with those of the Chaplain, the lambent beam shot through her sweet frame; confounded the dominion of her senses, and enclosed her warm heart. She felt the unusual throbbing, and shrunk, like a sensitive plant, within herself, as wishing to hide what was unavoidable, from the observation of her associates.

This occurrence emboldened her admirer to open the second battery of his affection, by making the following request:—"Ma—Ma—Madam, will you do me the honour, to take a glass of wine?" To this proposal the gladdening Julia assented, by an inclination of her fair body; and while she sipped the rosy liquid, her cheek was more highly suffused with red, than the beverage she as sparingly imbibed—the trembling of her hand made the glass vibrate on her pearly teeth—she panted with apprehension, yet looked with celestial benignity.

For those coarse and unenviable persons, who have never known the bewitching influence of love, and its undescrivable movements in the bosom, this recital can have no force: but with those whose organization is more delicate, it will have some interest—each will conceive, in the mysteries of feeling, what I am not able to delineate with my pen, and acquire a temporary gratification, by supposing all that Julia felt, in a novel embarrassment so luxuriantly painful. The Chaplain was scarcely less confounded: he was agonized with the wish for an opportunity to be more explicit—the suppression of those declaratory sentiments to the object of his pure regard, which were to determine the tendencies of his future life, created a pain within his heart, and twice a sigh burst from its core, and would have issued from his lips, if his correct judgment had not

whispered, that it would be hazarding an emotion, in the presence of a third person, which was not strictly compatible with policy, and might be offending, if not injurious, to his delectable Julia.

It is on trials like these, that the accomplishments arising from a refined education can meliorate the powerful demands of inclination: and they are so highly profitable, that in proportion as we exercise self-denial, we are but preparing the senses of a richer banquet. It was not ordained that we should make the overtures of love with a bestial precipitation, and leap over the chain of progressive blisses, which emanate from the soft administration of sympathy.

When the mere gross pleasures of the table had subsided, and the Chaplain had fervently made his acknowledgments to the Almighty for his great bounty, the venerable Nobleman turned toward his gentle guest, with a mien fraught with the sincerest respect; and looking with ineffable kindness, asked her how she approved of the metropolis, as he understood that she had never been in town before. Julia replied, with some hesitation, that her knowledge of London, and indeed of society in general, was so very limited, that she should but expose her ignorance of both, and, perhaps, do a common wrong, by venturing her ideas upon a theme she so ill understood—that she found some of the best axioms of theory overthrown by the practices of a busy world, and that before she presumed to draw a final opinion, she would endeavour to know more, as it were probable the baser part of human nature might be very inferior in numbers and influence to those who were exemplary: at least she would indulge that hope, until conviction denied her such a cheering privilege.

At the conclusion of the well-managed festivities of the board, Lord C—— requested the Chaplain to shew his fair visitant the pictures in the gallery, which contained some of the most perfect performances of the antient and modern masters.

As no unilluminated mind can conceive, nor pen

express, the delightful perturbation of the young Ecclesiastic's heart, on receiving this injunction, I shall imitate Apelles, and pass over what I cannot delineate. He modestly arose to convey his lovely charge to the promised scene of contemplation, and had led her to the door, when the benevolent Nobleman arrested their progress for a minute (and minutes in such circumstances are whole hours of delay), to exact a promise from Julia, that she would use his house, as her peculiar home, until her business or wishes in the metropolis were fulfilled. Julia bowed assent to this hospitable desire, and the parties gracefully receded from each other.

When the reader recollects that this was the first time that Julia had been alone with her young Chaplain, since her deliverance from the licentious fury of an *honourable* ruffian, he cannot be amazed, that *she* should feel the richest display of the best artists absorbed in the superior merit of her preserver, who was so nobly active in a situation, where few would have ventured to offer an opinion in favour of distressed virtue. Suffice it to say, that the tender and unsophisticated heart of Julia was warmed in the survey of her gallant and moral companion—she heard his argument with attention, and eagerly gave him credit, even for advantages he did not possess—her cheeks were flushed with crimson, whenever he pressed her lily hand between his own; and she stood confessedly the victim of her feeling, though her language was delicately chaste, and her ideas unvisited by a licentious thought.

Oh! love, thou tyrant of the soul!—through what devious paths you often tread, to allure impassioned youth to woe—to draw

“Hearts after you, tangled in amorous nets.”

yet, for thy kindly influence here, shalt thou be forgiven—it is from the coincidence of such events, that Hymen is enabled to maintain his dignity, and blend felicity with moral law.

Here I must necessarily abridge the history of three days, during which the most unreserved communication of sentiment was indulged between the enamoured couple—yet was the important event not divulged to Lord C——; and the only motive to this forbearance originated in Julia, who would not consent to that particular measure, until her dear Father had ratified the proposal with his consent. A special messenger was dispatched to Elmwood, and the answer was auspicious to their common desire.

How supremely happy is that state of truth, when mutual confidence is the result of mutual virtue—in what portion of his being, can the voluptuary derive an enjoyment, equal to those sensations which arise when duty sanctifies passion?—How weak are the arguments of the Materialists—how futile the subtleties of Epicurus and Spinoza, when opposed to the force of those emotions which uplift the guiltless, and assuredly demonstrate that we shall be rewarded in proportion as we are just; that our free agency is inseparably connected with responsibility; and that to pass through life safely, we must act wisely; and to be blessed, we must be innocent!

When, by the indirect movements of chance, it came to the knowledge of Lord C——, that his Son had behaved with disrespect toward the pure Daughter of his old friend, he manifested emotions of surprise and indignation; and ordered that he should be acquainted with the return of his Son, in the instant that he arrived. Those orders had not been delivered many hours before his arrival was announced. He commanded him into his presence, and, with an air of parental dignity, addressed him thus: “My Son, for such I am *compelled* to believe you are, I require you to tell me, upon what principle *you* think our reciprocal duties are to be maintained towards each other?” “This question, my Lord, is so very singular and unexpected, that I scarcely know how to frame an answer, adequate to your desires.”—“Why then, Sir, I will relieve you from this embarrassment,

and inform you, it is *justice*." "Certainly, my Lord." — "Then as you admit the principle, give me leave to ask you, if you hold it just, that the powerful should oppress the defenceless?" "Assuredly not, my Lord." — "Perhaps you will not consider it as reasonable, that the aggression should be expiated by punishment?" "To what do all these unusual questions tend?—you appear to me, my Lord, to be drawing me into a state of responsibility in which I am not interested." — "Indeed you *are*, Sir; and interested in a very great degree." "How, my Lord?" "I will tell you, Sir: you have had the meanness and the audacity to insult an amiable young lady, under my roof, and I insist that you immediately write her a letter of atonement, and ask her forgiveness." "My Lord, you may have been misinformed in this matter; give me permission to explain the circumstances." "I understand so much of the truth already, Sir, that an explanation may increase, but cannot do away your dishonour; so, without any hesitation, take up the pen, and write to the lady what I shall dictate." "You will recollect, my Lord, that Julia is not my equal." — "According to the laws of politeness, Sir, every woman is every man's superior; and agreeably to the laws of morality, she is an angel, and you are a——but I will not be unnecessarily harsh in sentiment; so instantaneously write." With a heart overcharged with mortification, almost to bursting, the *honourable* offender sat down, and, with a trembling hand, indited the following epistle, from the words of Lord C——

"Madam,

"It duly becomes me, as the guardian of my own honour, to implore your forgiveness, for an error committed during the suspension of my reason. I vainly imagined that the advantages resulting from high birth, youth, and fortune, could compensate for want of virtue; but my reflection has tutored me otherwise. I am now so thoroughly convinced of my own unworthiness, that I

cannot be happy if you withhold your pardon. The purity of your own nature, and the truth you have imbibed from the education of so good a man as your Father, will suggest that all are not to be abandoned who are faulty, and that those who forgive most, the most nearly resemble heaven. With the deepest contrition, and the most ardent hope, I beg permission to subscribe myself,

"Your most obedient, humble Servant,

"CHARLES C——."

While the venerable old Peer was in the act of preparation to seal and superscribe this letter, in order that it might be sent to Julia, the Chaplain entered; but, on seeing the object of his recent resentment, he was going to retire, under the apprehension that he might be transacting some private business with his Father. "Stop, Sir (said the old Nobleman), I want you to be witness to an act of retribution; read this letter, and then inform me if the apology is proportioned to the offence." The manly Ecclesiastic perused the epistle with a mixture of pleasure and astonishment; and when he had concluded, approached the young gentleman with an air of ineffable kindness; and, taking him by the hand, exclaimed, how happy would it be for human kind, if all transgressions were thus understood, and thus obliterated! "You must not be amazed, my Lord (added he, turning to his patron), if I feel sensations nearly approaching to extacy on this theme, as the object of this letter has consented to be my wife." "Your wife!" ejaculated both, in the same instant. "It is even so (rejoined the worthy Curate), provided your Lordship has no objection to the union." "So far am I, Sir, from disapproving your choice, that I must instantly go and give the bride elect joy; and you, my Son, shall go too, and prove, by your present demeanor, that you are ashamed of the past: this is a duty that all will fulfil with cheerfulness:—When virtue is rewarded all that think should rejoice."

Here let the reader ponder upon the undescribable emotions which played about the susceptible heart of Julia from the momentous period that she was left with the Curate, until she was congratulated on their return from the altar, by the man who had attempted to destroy her dignity and peace—but it was a chain of events so diversified and so luxuriant, that no vulgar mind can accompany the progression. When a man of honour solicits the hand of a woman of virtue, the god of marriage assumes a nobler port than usual, and charms with a reflected grace—then his fetters are owned to be silken, and his influence derived from heaven.

Julia, whose benevolence of mind was equal if not superior to every other female virtue, did not forget duly to visit the poor old man, Dick the watchman's neighbour, but he died the third day after her first visit, and was buried by the parish; after which, this benevolent lady took the child with her into the country, where she and her husband not only maintained and protected it, but likewise instructed it in every moral and religious duty.

In short, they set off on their journey, attended by the trusty Joe. Without any accident, they arrived in due time at Elmwood. The Father, overpowered by love and tenderness, sunk at the side of his Daughter. The Daughter, agitated by affection and joy, filled the bosom of her Father with sighs, and revived him with the plenty and warmth of her adventures: while Joe, in the centre of the green, had the whole village collected around him, and related to them the wonders of London.

I must now close this history. Several months have elapsed since the above events happened, and the young Curate is now happy in the possession of his Julia. Julia too is blessed, for the houses of her Husband and of her Father are adjoining to each other.



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